And ſo do good vnto the Realme of France.
Make haſt my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I thinke is full expir'd.
Somer. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſty,
And take my leaue to poſte with ſpeed to France.
Exit Somerſet.

King. Come Vnkle Gloſter, now let's haue our horſe,
For we will to Saint *Albones* preſently,
Madam your Hawke they ſay is ſwift of flight,
And we will try how ſhe will flye to day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Elanor, with Sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer, and Margery Iourdaine a Witch.

Elnor. Heere ſir *Iohn*, take this ſcrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the queſtions you ſhall aske,
And I will ſtand vpon this Tower heere,
And heare the ſpirit what it ſayes to you:
And to my queſtions, write the anſwers downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

Sir Iohn. Now ſirs begin, and caſt your ſpels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing ſhe askes.
Witch. Then *Roger Bullenbrooke* about thy taske,
And frame a circle heere vpon the earth,
Whilſt I thereon all proſtrate on my face,
Do talke and whiſper with the Diuels below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.
Shee lyes downe vpon her face.

Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.

Bullen. Darke night, dread night, the ſilence of the night,
Wherein the Furies maske in helliſh troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Soſetus* Lake,
The ſpirit *Aſcalon* to come to mee,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Aſcalon

Aſcalon, Aſſenda, aſſenda.
It Thunders and Lightens, and then the ſpirite riſeth vp.

Spirit. Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldſt thou haue me doe?
Bullen. Firſt of the King, what ſhall become of him?
Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe,
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.
Bullen. What fate awaites the Duke of *Suffolke*.
Spirit. By water ſhall he die, and take his end.
Bullen. What ſhall betide the Duke of *Somerſet*?
Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles, ſafer ſhall he be vpon the ſandy plaines, then where Caſtles mounted ſtand:
Now queſtion me no more, for I muſt hence againe.
He ſinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I ſay, vnto the damned poole,
Where Pluto in his fiery waggon ſits,
Riding amidſt the ſindg'd and parched ſmoakes,
The rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer Stix:
There howle and burne for euer in thoſe flames,
Riſe *Iourdaine* riſe, and ſtay thy charming Spels.
Zounds, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham, and others.

Yorke. Come ſirs, lay hands on them, and binde them ſure.
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting treaſons thus with Coniurers,
The King ſhall haue notice of this thing.
Exit Elnor aboue.

Buck. See heere my Lord, what the diuell hath writ.
Yorke. Giue it me my Lord, Ile ſhew it to the King:
Go ſirs, ſee them faſt lockt in priſon.
Exit with them.

Bucking. My Lord, I pray you let me go poſte vnto the King.
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.
Yorke. Content. Away then, about it ſtraight.